

Other Games and Activities

(Needing no description or otherwise found in Passionfruit)

- sleeping bag steamroller
- massage circle
- foot massage circle
- hand massage circle
- pedicures
- manicures
- haircuts
- dress up
- 7 minutes in heaven
- movies
- skits
- truth or dare
- spin the bottle
- pillow fight
- tug of war
- charades
- any of dozens of bought group games 'Taboo,' 'Scattergories,' 'Uno' etc.

Now there is no excuse to not plan your own slumber party. Maybe 10 people is the optimal number but however many pals you want will be fine. Light snacks or a full meal would be nice for your guests so perhaps a potluck style event—some people could bring bagels and cream cheese for the morning after. A fun food game is having a 'love feast' where no silverware is used and no one is allowed to feed themselves. The sensual pleasure of eating is heightened by feeding each other—very intimate! Just wait until you try this with pudding! Good luck and sweet dreams.

Gretchen's slumber party pics from when she was 11.

collage by Gretchen and Mark



Surrealist Games!

By detritivore art

The Exquisite Corpse

Of course the most popular and well known is The Exquisite Corpse game- a game that blindly juxtaposes people's creativity. Often done with drawing or storytelling, it is real simple, but very surprising and fun. Get four revelers in one room and four pieces of paper, and fold each piece of paper in four. Everyone draws in the top section, letting a little bit of image go below the first crease. After a few minutes, fold the drawing over itself to conceal it, and pass the paper. Everyone can now draw in the second section, imagining what may be above from the little bit of image they can see. Draw, conceal, pass. When everyone has drawn on every sheet, the originator can name it and everyone looks for the first time at the full connected images.

For the verbal version, everyone writes an adjective, conceals and passes, then everyone writes a noun, conceal and pass. Follow with a series of requirements to induce grammatical sentences- verb, noun, adjective. Open them up and read your new fortune....

One into Another

"One into Another" is a game to play with descriptions of the objects around us. One person leaves the room so the others may pick an object to be used. The person who left also picks an object. The group lets the person who left know their object, and ze must then describe the object using the qualities of the group's object.

Ex: I am a very beautiful BREAST, particularly long and serpentine. I am displayed only on certain nights. From my innumerable nipples spurt a luminous milk. Few people, poets and astronomers excepted, are able to appreciate my curve. (The Milky Way)

The Visitor

The Visitor- Everyone responds to the situation- " _____ " just arrived at your door. Do you let them in? What do you do with them/ to them? What if you were in the middle of making love to some one/s when they came?

Embellishment

Embellishment- Just plain reimagining of our lives! List different places in the city, and everyone writes or says ideas of how they could change them. I like to include places like friends bedrooms, closets, public spaces, monuments... Then everyone can decide that all this imagining is unlimited, and go now to change a space to be something more fun for us all to live with!!

The Random Crush

The Random Crush game- Everyone gets to write down a person or object, then mix them up and pass them back out. Write a smoldering infatuated love note to your subject detailing their every beauty and the effect that appreciated beauty has on you. It may incite erotic longings within you, and the more of those you can express, the more effective this game will be at creating a love revolution. Then let everyone try to guess the subjects. This can also be fun to only use the people in the room, and end up writing a letter like you've never dreamed of to someone- maybe you'll think about the ways you really love someone that you hadn't recognized!

SLUMBER PARTY GAMES

By Gretchen

Slumber parties are a superior way to spend nights with friends. As adults too often we only spend the night with people who are our sexual partners. The intimacy that is shared in the mundane tasks of brushing teeth and bedding down is unique and worth experiencing with a group. I stress that good slumber parties are not simply happenstance sleepovers after parties but are in themselves events that deserve total dedication of an evening and breakfast the next day. They should not depend overly on alcohol or drugs, though in moderation they are ok and could even be an interesting addition. Comfy clothes and slippers can be fun but really everything is optional, including the clothes! A fantastic part is the waking up together which should of course be followed by a splendidly drawn out brunch and maybe a nice walk to a park. Coffee and pancakes are a good combo, as are tea and biscuits.

The Ha Ha game

(credit to Patrick for this one)

This is best played with a healthy crowd of people, at least 5. Everyone lays face up with their head on a neighboring belly. The group must be looped around so there are no unused bellies or lonesome belliless heads. Somebody becomes the first person and that first person says 'ha' in a rather loud and belliful way. The second person then says 'ha ha' and on down the line, the third saying 'ha ha ha' and etc. If all goes according to plan the formal 'ha ha'-ing will not get far before all the heads on all the

bellies are bouncing and the laughter is plentiful. Repeat with a new first person until tired of laughing.

I learned to play this game while camping in a big group. The whole gang was encased in sleeping bags. These cozy sacks are just super for group gaming. It turns people into large soft (and colorful!) worms that can snake and intertwine, wrestle and roll.

Light as a Feather, Stiff as a Board

This game pairs well with the ujiji board as it draws from the same mystical beyond. A slumber party room lit only with candles helps to attain the right mood for the levitation. For this one 5 people is again the minimum and 8 is probably the max. One person is chosen to act as the board. This person lies down and the others spread themselves out on their knees around the person. Everyone places two fingers of each hand underneath the person at even intervals. Then, after a group centering deep breath or moment of silence, the levitators begin to chant "light as a feather, stiff as a board" in a slow and intentional way. When the mood is right, the people surrounding the 'board' begin to lift in a slow and careful way. If the stars are aligned correctly and the air is properly prepared, the group will lift the 'board' into the air with little effort. It helps to have everyone envision a positive outcome and think of the energy in their bodies joining forces with the other energies in the room. The person is then gently lowered back to the floor and everyone can enjoy the shared moment.

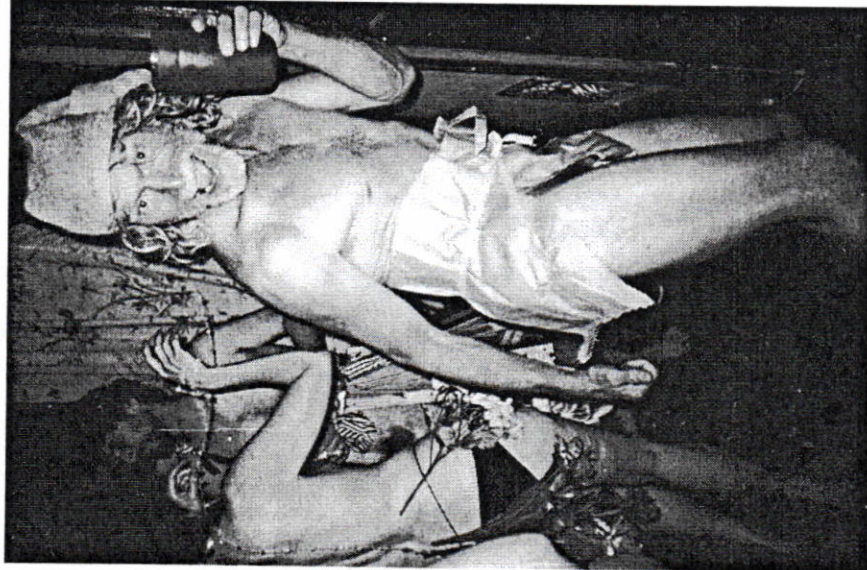
asks, "Would you like number one?" pointing to a person in the crowd. The contestant, back turned, will say "yes" or "no." If the answer is no, the host will point to somebody else and ask, "number two?" The contestant will answer yes or no again. Crowd members can adopt the "pick me, pick me!" stance or can shirk and avoid the eyes of the host. You can go on as long as you need to until the contestant decides to say yes. When that happens the selected candidate comes up to the front, but the contestant doesn't turn around. Instead s/he rolls a die. The die indicates a certain action. Here's what we used: 6=passionate making out, 5=tongue kissing, 4=kiss on the mouth, 3=suck on the ear lobe, 2=kiss on the neck, 1=kiss on the cheek. After the contestant rolls the die, the two perform the indicated action. Then the host goes into the crowd, the contestant becomes the host, and the crowd member that the contestant chose becomes the new contestant. Then you get to do it all over again, and again repeating until everyone tires.

Suits

The game that turned into the final event of the evening was a game for more imaginative kissers who are comfortable with each other. It's very simple: get a deck of cards and hand one out to everyone who wants to play. Then people with cards of the same suit go off into rooms or corners together and have a big neck licking, lip sucking, make outy good time. This game spawned the now infamous "spades room." The spades kids had one hell of a dog pile going, or so I hear. After the spades kids stayed in their room long past all the other suits, the party began to wind down with the only remaining making out among autonomous pairings on couches and floors throughout the house. It was a good night.

A non-fiction story of an event yet to occur.

The idea was simple enough: half of the people would hide in rooms, closets, etc. all over the house, and the other half would wander into those rooms to make out with their surprise date. When the five-minute timer went off, the wanderer would stay, and the original hider would go out wandering. But as people became more comfortable and certain pairs realized how excited they were about each other, the dynamic of the game changed. Some people made makeshift "do not disturb" signs and some just locked the door and refused to come out with the timer. Some people got tired of the game and started a spin the bottle game in the living room. Large groups formed in some rooms, and the numbers and individuals present fluctuated as some left to get re energized with food and water before joining back and some left to look for new excitement elsewhere. It was a magnificent display of friends reveling in loving debauchery.



Kissing Shorts

We picked up a few kissing games on the web. You can do the same to find dozens more.

Combat Kissing

This is a good outdoor game. Line up in two teams of people facing each other about 30 feet apart with a person in the center. Each person in each team counts off numbers. When their number is called the two people from each row tries to be the first to kiss the bare skin of the person in the center. Since the person in the center tries to prevent the two from kissing and the two are trying to be the first, wrestling and pile-ups are usually the result. Whoever succeeds in kissing the center person first becomes the next center person.

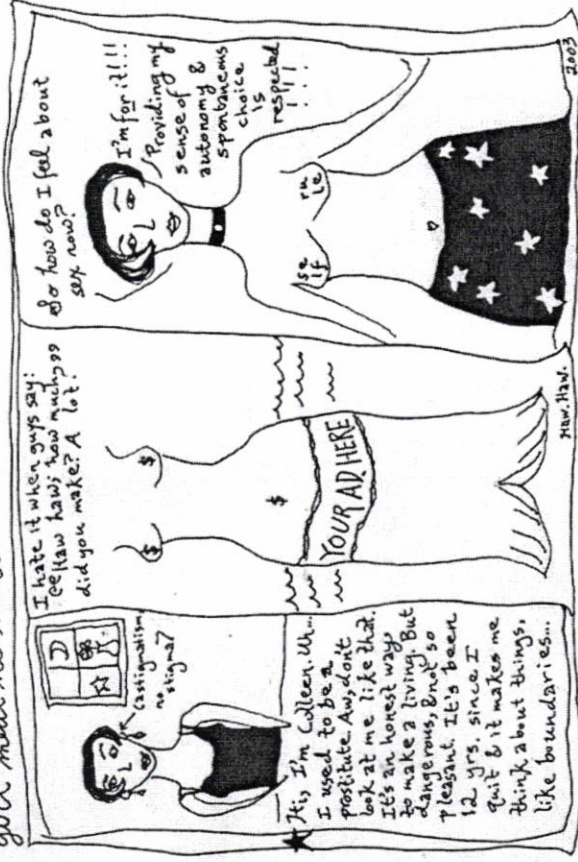
Gum Kissers

Two people pair up and one chews a piece of gum. The other tries to get the piece of gum out of the others mouth using their tongue, while the gum chewer tries to hold on to it. No teeth!

60 Seconds in Heaven

You will need red lipstick and a timer for this. Two people are sent into a closet for 60 seconds. Either of the two slathers their lips with the red lipstick and rushes to kiss the other person as many times as possible on any area of exposed skin (face, neck, arms, etc.), leaving one lip print for each kiss. When the 60 seconds is up, their friends open the closet and count how many lip prints are on the receiving partner. Each pair takes turns going into the closet. The pair that left the most lip prints wins.

girl meat no more



What turns me on? What am I fighting for?

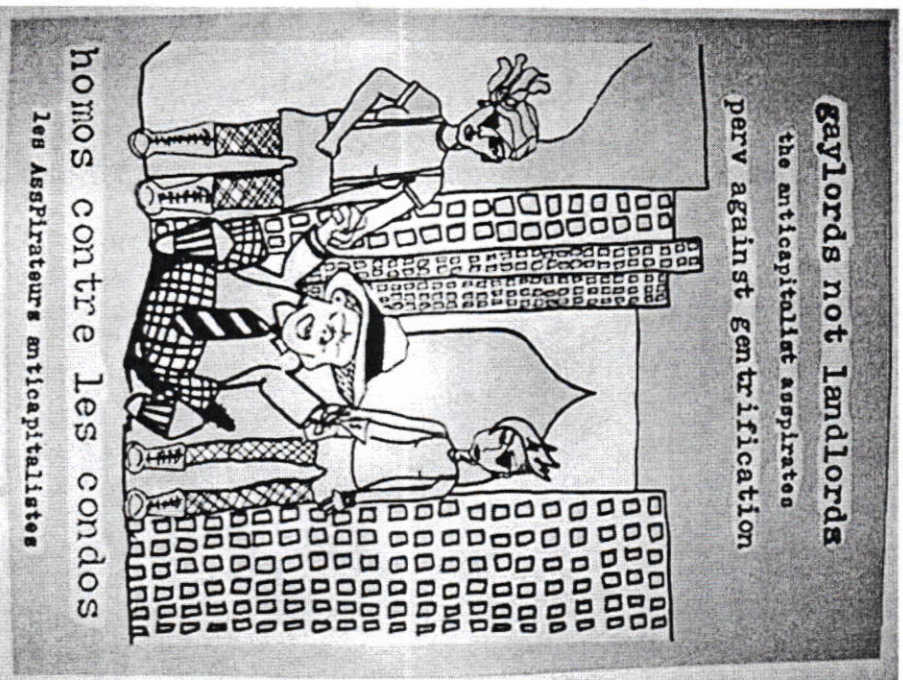
By Michelle O'Brien

"Yes," it's more a breath than a word, a sigh I let out as she slides the needle into my shoulder. His pain bites, twists around my trace of voice. I feel the pain wrapping itself tightly around the intake of breath and then releasing, uncoiling as I moan. I feel her fingers trace lines on my neck, the cool metal thread of another needle gracing my cheek before she runs it through the cartilage of my ear. This time it grabs me, lines of sensation running out and across my body. These needles, their pain is staking out a new map, creating a new terrain on this surface of my body, creating in its wake new flesh, a new hope. And somehow, in the midst of this transformation, this restructuring of my flesh and its possibilities, I am beginning to find myself.

Next to the bed she has set my sharps container, nearly full of my 21 gauge hormone syringes. In the morning I will bike down to the needle exchange, chat with my friends that work the Saturday site, and get a new pack of points. I know the exchange workers from my volunteering with them, from social service organizing in town, and occasionally from dyke parties. Unfortunately, the exchange doesn't carry needles for play piercing.

I spent the

winter of Y2K in Minneapolis. The winter was cold, as they always are. Vicious winds whiped through streets and sidewalks, grabbing out bundled bodies, leaving the tiny ice scars on the surface of our faces and eyes. It was an exciting time. I had spent the spring before traveling in anarchist and communist squats on the continent in Europe. In Rome, an autonomist told me to link arms as we charged a US embassy, hitting a line of the squat Carabinieri vans. In Barcelona, I watched police cars turn and drive



Game Shorts!

A Night of Kissing Games...

By Nick

Icemelter

I attended my first make out party in seventh grade. I planned and hosted a long list of games to enable the make-out-Halloween party to last late into the night. I found that it's very easy to find kissing games on the internet, and some of them are really fun provided you can eliminate the heterocentric elements (this wasn't hard). We didn't really encounter any boundary problems that I can remember. The party was exclusive - invitation only, although a few, mostly welcome, friends of friends came. There were men who were hesitant about kissing other men at first, but they seemed to loosen up as the night went on. I definitely think comfort is of paramount importance at these things. One of the first games we played was an icebreaker, or rather, an ice melter - there was no breaking allowed! We paired off into couples with whoever was closest. Each pairing got an ice cube and then it was a race to see who could melt the cube fastest using their mouths - licking, sucking, but no biting! In the end, I think the winning couple got to make out some more.

Blind Date

Another quick game that we played early in the night involved two long lines and a lot of closed eyes (use bandanas or under wear). There were people at the party who weren't comfortable playing make out



games, so they helped move us around. We got into two lines with equal numbers of people and faced each other. Then we all closed our eyes and changed positions in the line with the help of our non-participant friends. Then we inched forward slowly reaching out with our hands, eyes still closed, wondering whether our make out partner would be bigger or smaller than us, same-sex or opposite, bearded or clean shaven. When we found our destinies, we made out fumbling to match mouths at different heights and uncovering our eyes only after we were done kissing. Also try these variations: kiss belly buttons, massage butt, don't kiss lips. Perhaps have a safe word such as "careful" to keep hands from going where they shouldn't be.

Game Show

It seems that games with some mysterious element are very successful, because the crowd favorite that night was the Game Show game. You start with one "host" and one "contestant," although everyone will get a turn to be everything eventually. Everyone who isn't the host or contestant make up the "crowd." The crowd sits on the floor facing the host and the contestant stands next to the host, back to the crowd. The host

Mystery Massage Parlor!

A game to share the joy of anonymous sensuality.

Here's how I've done it, and it worked out real well. We were having a naked schmoody party, so I commandeered a bedroom. I placed a real soft blanket down and a sheet on top. I put two chairs near the bed - one was for "The Invitation", and the other had a sheet on it. On the door I put a sign explaining the rules and warning people not to enter unless they had received "The Invitation". The Invitation explained to the recipient what they were to do. For the Invitation, find some pretty homemade paper with flowers pressed into it or a drawing. Make this, the only prop, beautiful. Light the room with candles. Make it sexy and scented.

The Invitation reads something like this-

"The Invitation"

You are needed in the Mystery Massage parlor. Someone is waiting for you, covered in a sheet. Go to them, but don't speak or let them know who you are, and don't try to figure out who they are. Give their body a good rubbing, a hot massage, and make them feel good. They may turn over or they may want a foot massage. Be respectful. When you're done, simply stop, and cover yourself in the other sheet sitting on the chair. Leave the invitation on the second chair. They will get it and go find someone to give it to. At this point, you should get on the bed, under the sheet, and relax. Someone will join you shortly.

You'll need to explain some of this to the first person and get them ready under the sheet, then give out "The Invitation" to get the game started. This probably works best during a party where there's at least ten people spread out enough that not everyone knows where everyone else is. It's nice to see someone emerge from the room, grinning and glowing and looking for whom they are going to hand the invitation out to. And not knowing whom it was that they were just handling, or who it is that just made them feel so good.

You may also want to include a bell or whistle for the person under the sheet to ring if they feel uncomfortable. It's always important to look at these games from the perspective of those that have had severe negative sexual experiences. So many women have been raped and I could imagine that this game might be challenging to enjoy, with its requirement of trusting an anonymous person with your body. People should know the gist of what is happening in the Mystery Massage Parlor (I posted a big sign that explained everything) so that they can decide if they want to accept the Invitation.

Smooches, loverboy art

away, as we spread out across a blocked highway, chanting "You take our homes, we take your streets!" in Catalan. In London I sat with Greek anarchists for days behind a high barricade of classroom desks; watching the campus security guards outside parole out student protest turned siege. When I returned to the States, things were changing quickly. N30 hit Seattle, and for the first time I began to seriously imagine the ways street militancy might allow us to seize, hold and defend out dear, beloved cities.

Through that winter I organized street protest trainings, teaching kids the tactics I had learned in Europe and Seattle. We practiced breaking police lines, sucking people back into crowds, staying linked and staying strong. We were preparing ourselves for A16 in DC, for the upcoming May Day in Minneapolis, for fantasies of mass street insurrection.

We were training our bodies to protest. Our trainings were rooms full of bodies but not just any bodies. These workshops shared the demographics of too many protests of that year--they were mostly white kids, the young middle class that could afford an arrest or two, able-bodies who could run if it came to that, bodies that were not visibly trans or queer. We trained rooms full of bodies to stand against the police and defend each other, to meet power with a certain privileged, almost naive courage.

We enlisted our bodies for high-profile battles of street protests, while less visible wars waged across other kinds of bodies. During 1999 and 2000, construction workers were building a new downtown Hennepin County jail; not to house protesters, but the bodies of young black, native and Latino men. One Minneapolis public school librarian, a trans woman named Debra Davis, faced the wrath of transphobic parents and administrators over her right to use a bathroom. Within the Hotel Employees and Restaurant Employees Local 17, immigrant activists led a successful campaign to change the national AFL-CIO's official stance on the rights of immigrants; while they fought off a brutal alliance of the INS and hotel owners. And in the streets of Minneapolis, like in cities across the world, trans people, drug users, homeless people and others fought a constant battle for survival, against poverty, hatred, violence and police harassment. Wars over bodies: their survival, their control, their movement, their visibility, and their worth.

While organizing street protests, jail solidarity and lock downs, I was also in another struggle; one I wasn't talking much about. I was dating, and at 21 had one of my first remotely functional sexual relationships. At the time, most read me as a fag, a boy, and bit odd. My girlfriend was a butch queer woman who liked me, in part, because she read me as femme. In our sex, our day-to-day moments together, I began to unravel years of confused anxiety, a tangled mess of incomprehensibility that wrapped itself around my body. Slowly, I began to heal from years of trauma; from an alienation from my body and self so massive and deep I couldn't begin to grasp it. I found new ways of understanding and reading my body, new



possibilities glimpsed in a pleasurable caress, in our flirtatious exchanges. Sometime early in that winter I began to seriously consider the possibility that I was a woman.

"How bad do you want it? Come on bitch, tell me, how bad do you want it?"

"So bad." Her voice is course, desperate, saturated with desire. I tug the scarf tightly, tying her wrist restrains to the metal rings that surround my bed. I run the suede of the flogger across her back and thighs, listening to her breath quicken. She bends her knees, and her ass is in the air. Her hair is wet with sweat, dangling over her face. She is waiting with an intensity that fills the room, an intensity that I can feel across the surface of my own skin. An intensity I never imagined I would experience, through a brief lifetime of hating this body.

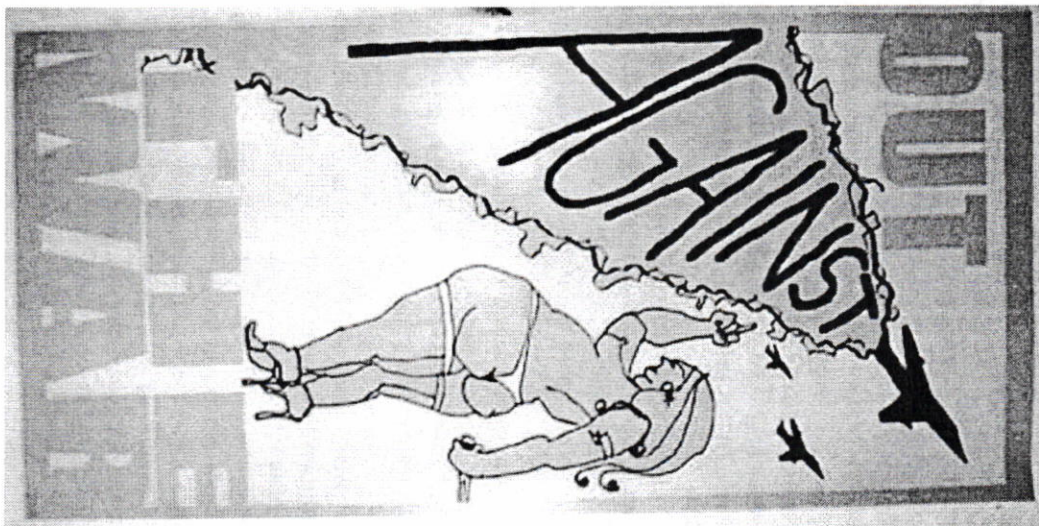
She wants me. She really wants me. And it has so little to do with what's between my legs.

As that winter gave way into spring, I moved out of Minneapolis. I soon came out as trans, and began a different trajectory of struggle and resistance. Every day I fought to make sense of my body, to sort through years of accumulated self-hatred and fear. I kept working with anarchists joining protesters through another two May Days in Portland, doing prisoner solidarity organizing with an anarchist collective, finding myself from one punk house to another across cities and years.

Slowly, I tried to understand the ways my self-hatred, my lack of connection to my body and my extreme discomfort with my sex and gender informed and structured the kinds of organizing I chose to do. My work in militant street protest, I found, was linked within me to my desperate, confused desire to connect to something, to somehow be present in this flesh. My fantasies of armed struggle, I realized, were connected to my lack of desire to live and my basic fear of this life and body of mine.

As I withdrew myself from some forms of organizing, new ones opened up. The real battle felt like it was on the surface of this flesh. It was a struggle to come to terms with a new way of being in the world with this body that was so very wrong.

Eventually I started hormones and it became clear I didn't want to go to jail again.

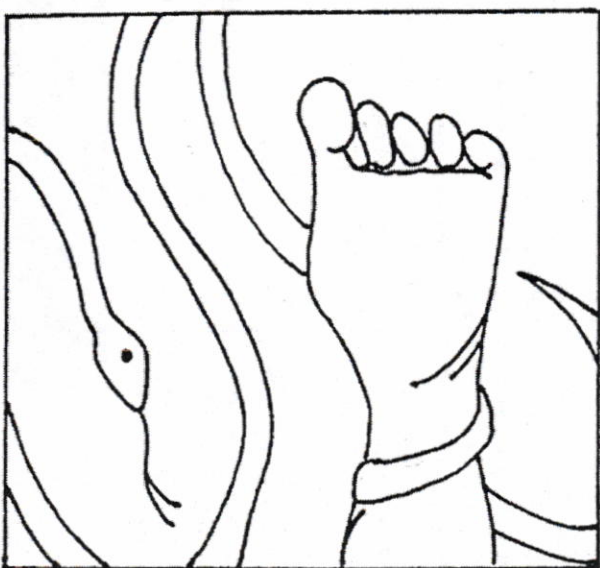


The Space Fill Game- Frozen Group Dancing for All

By detritivore art

No props are needed for this wonderful game combining dancing, friends, touch and sculpture. It is beautiful and fun to watch from the participant or voyeur standpoint. My friends and I started doing this when we were in high school after seeing a modern dance show, I think. I have so many fond memories of being at parties, youth

group meetings, dances, and malls- everywhere where we had a chance to get silly and avoid boredom by utilizing our bodies. Don't you hate it when a party isn't a party because everyone is sitting, separated from each other in body, and conversation seems silly and shallow? My friends and I also used this to make lots of



Live: a pornographic coloring zine

friends- we would get started and draw them into the creation. When people dropped out or everyone drifted off to have conversations elsewhere, we still had that little bond of intimacy and that joy of having created together.

Its simple- someone might give a brief explanation to get it started, or a few people can just start and others will naturally get curious and join in. The first person strikes a pose. Explore your body, what a position means, and just make a neat shape. A second person joins in- freezing their body in a position that interacts directly or indirectly with the first.

People join in, one by one, usually with some giggles and laughter and encouragement from others. Take a moment before you throw yourself in to see how you can complement a form, enact a scene, evoke an image, and then place yourself. After every body has joined in, the first person has to step out, wriggle out, whatever and see the sculpture from the outside. Then

ze rejoins, taking a new position on the blob. The second person does the same. Remember who you follow, and remember that everyone in position will be moving out while you must maintain your position. The game has no end, it just keeps cycling

through. New people can join anytime, people can drop out when their turn comes or whenever they damn well feel like it.

It's a great game for exploring your own body and how it feels to hold it in a strange position. You can rely on a person, but they will move and you best be able to hold yourself up! No moving until it is your turn again! Tired? Lie on your back- but someone might lie on top of you. Good music and onlookers are a bonus, people to keep conversations and laughter going....Enjoy.... This game is great for kids.

Twisted Twister!

By detritivore art

Inspired by a sexy, sexy Halloween Costume, here's a little variation on Twister. Who needs a board when the point of the game is to be getting your body near someone else's? Throw away the innocent facade that allowed this naughty, naughty game to become mainstream!

Keep the

spinner. But let's modify it a little. Here's the chance for communication about limits and boundaries and mutual desires.

You get to change using feet and hands to using whatever body parts you want! What is everyone comfortable with using in the game- does everyone want

their hands involved, or their elbows, or (gasp!) lips? The spinner gives you four common body parts to be used. Remember- your lips stay on a green dot until lips gets spun again, so you might want to consider what four body parts are going to have to be getting action at a time....

Now for the fun part- cut those dots right off the

plastic sheet! Or use colored pieces of paper. Each person gets a dot of each color, and something to attach it to their body. What's your comfort level? Put it wherever you want someone who's spun forehead to put their forehead. You might want to trim the dots to the size you like, or add arrows so they are next

optional (unless it gets too hot, then you might want markers or hot wax splotches)- safety pins work well with clothes.

terically. Good luck keeping your parts all in order.... You may decide to blank out one quarter of your spinner to simplify things, or you may want to make that the wild card, if everyone is truly boundless.

Stickers make clothes optional (unless it gets too hot, then you might want markers or hot wax splotches)- safety pins work well with clothes.



Post Strip Twister relaxation

to the target body part. Or get the little colored dot stickers from yard sales and such to have specific locations available.

Warning! This game is untested. Who knows what it could lead too? A groping group of tangled limbs standing in the middle of a room, and that person with a bad cold spinning the spinner and laughing hys-

Strip Twister

Simply make a secondary spinner that the person who falls first spins. Possible categories could include lose an article of clothing above/below waist, snort Kool-Aid, kiss, apply Tiger Balm, drink coffee, beer etc. Most fun on a rooftop in summer. The more modest wear multiple pairs of underwear.

I started valuing my own life, and visions of violent revolution became more complex and difficult. I stopped being willing to play the game of legitimacy of gender and politics against sexist male activists. I began to realize that if I was going to be a part of a revolution, I'd have to begin by figuring out myself. I'd have to begin with an understanding of this body that exceeds my words, that eludes their categories, that demands a world beyond my imagination. For this, kink was absolutely crucial.

The languages I had learned to describe my body were hopelessly useless and self-hating. I needed to find myself, connect to myself, reimagine myself--I desperately needed a different way of marking and mapping this flesh. I saw how deeply unsustainable my organizing had long been. I wanted to find ways of being true to myself, and hence true to revolutionary struggle. In staying strong in struggles against genocide and domination, it became clear, I needed to heal myself. It was through kink I began to let go of this trauma, and find physical languages to understand this body that opened onto new, liberating ways of being and healing.

It was in sex, more than anywhere, I learned about myself. My repulsion from most genital-based sex began to make sense, and I started to sort out other forms of desire and possibility. If my body would never be normal, never have quite the right genitals, never fully fit into the regime of properly sexed humans, what could pleasure mean: I needed new languages of sensation and intimacy to understand how I could be attractive, how I could give and receive pleasure, how I could live my body with others.

My sexual practices in BDSM taught me ways of being with my body that wasn't about normative gender. They offered sexual codes that weren't reducible to genitals, that didn't immediately write my body in codes that made no sense. They helped untangle me from the criss-crossed maps of transforming my flesh and my desire into a complex landscape of unexpected pleasure, BDSM offered a means of loving myself as trans, in loving my body as genderqueer. In the intensity, desire and passions of bondage, pain and domination, I found that I was sexy and beautiful, capable of connection and joy. I found that I could heal, and with that healing return to the world proud and strong.

"Is there a hankie color for gender freaks?" Ze asks, watching me as I carefully fold the black and white checkered hankerchief. I shrug, smile.

"No, I don't think so. All the codes I learned are for actions, for things you do with someone. I don't think they are usually about identities or what sort of body you have.

Anyone could wear any hanky. If it's what they are into." I meet his eyes; we smile for a moment and turn away. Through hours of processing, we agreed to try to keep the sexual tension a bit lower in our friendship.

"That's interesting," ze says after a moment. "So your gender or genitals don't matter." We both knew in the actual leather scenes in town, both mattered a great deal. But we were talking about something deeper. We were talking about what these codes and practices meant for us. How we came to leather across the strange landscape of our bodies, a complex map of a very different world of gender.

"Exactly."

In kind I learned ways of loving and appreciating my new, changing body. I developed the confidence it took to start hormones, to be out as trans, to demand my space as a woman. In leather I understood that I could be an extraordinary, incredibly hot dyke creature that had no need for a body that rigidly conformed to gender expectations.

This confidence and the changes it brought led into new kinds of organizing, into different ways of linking my body to politics.

I only occasionally take the streets these days, and only when the risk of arrest feels remote. Instead I've spent the last year organizing around health care access for trans people. Slowly we've been trying to build cross-racial and cross-coalitions among Philadelphia's trans communities, linking this to struggles waged by prisoners, sex workers and active drug users. From reforming the shelter system to supporting the needle exchange, from speaking on anti-trans violence to writing about self-determination in health care choices, I'm finding ways of building movements that allow the complexities of my body and identity to be fully present.

At some point, I am sure my struggle will bring me back out into the streets. Our movements and world are changing quickly, and the day will come when I again place direct action centrally to my work. When it does, I will return to those tactics with new strength, new grounding, new understanding and new courage. I am coming into a space where my militancy is founded on deeply knowing and loving myself, on the complex terrain of this new flesh and its strange pleasures.

As my sexual practice has taught me ways of loving and reimagining my body in its myriad of contradictions, I've strove to bring the awareness, clarity and pleasure of kink to my organizing.

"What do you want? What turns you on?" The desire in her voice collects under her fingertips as she carresses my neck. I've never realized a collarbone could be so intensely erotic.

That's the question, isn't it? We're fighting a war of liberation on these streets and in our hearts, fighting an old battle over the terrain of our new bodies. What do I want? Who am I? What am I doing in this world? What am I fighting for? What, do tell, turns me on?

Reprinted from *Bound to Struggle: Where Kink and Radical Politics Meet*

Playing dress-up with the trappings of a violent world is a form of transgression--a game that reveals the fragility of the existing order by dragging secret, uncomfortable desires into the light. I know what I'm doing when I play with savagery, helplessness, suffering, possession, as if they were toys in the sandbox. SM is a rewrite of the power-infested reality we've been handed, from each body outwards. And sometimes, I can put it all together: getting hot, being true to myself, feeling an awed respect for the lover who wants me to hurt her, she's demanding more cock and my hands on her through, gasping, the red marks glowing on her skin, pure ferocity welling up out of her with wrists bound, and she's screaming, waking up the neighbors.

--Nemo Brinker (Excerpt from *Bound to Struggle*)

tongue to avoid disease and since tongues are slow to heal.

In your tongue training, real world practice is paramount. Propose a "work out" with a partner of your choice. Seek out your greatest tongue kung fu strengths and share your wondrous skills with your partner. Listen for their response--different tongue acrobatics are pleasurable in different places. Absorbing their responses, you can be the Tongue Kung Fu Master bringing loads of sensuous joy.

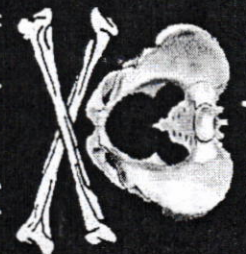
It should not be a womyn's responsibility to tell a man that his actions are making her uncomfortable, as men it is our responsibility to find out if what we are doing is okay, and also to learn how to read body signals to know when we are making someone feel uncomfortable. When you sense that something you are doing, whether it be hitting on someone or making a sexual advance, is making a womyn uncomfortable, it is your responsibility to back off. If you are not sure whether what you want to do with a womyn is okay, it is your responsibility to ask first. It is not okay to just do it and ask later. The best way to learn a womyn's boundaries is to ask before you do anything that might make her uncomfortable, no matter how well you think you might know her.

Beginners Guide to Responsible Sexuality (for men)
dapco@watchmail.com Denver, Co

"I think it's hard for men to understand why women hang back from games. I think it's not really a big deal for a man to get an unwanted advance from a woman because there (usually) isn't the concomitant threat of being overpowered and violated. That's why I hang back--that and when I'm in a relationship, I like to be monogamous."

Posters in this article from:

**anti-capitalist
ass pirates**



<http://asspirates.taktic.org/>
<http://www.geocities.com/slutsagainstcapitalism/>

TONGUE KUNG FU

This is an exercise taken from the book *Taoist Secrets of Love* by Mantak Chia that makes a wonderful "game" you can play by yourself or with others to enhance other "games" in this zine.

With your experimentation in Spin the Bottle and Naughty Origami Dice, you may see the importance of having a fit, strong and skilled tongue. In this exercise you can "learn to maneuver this erotic arm par excellence." This "arm" can induce healing and loving experiences. Try out these exercises below.

The Taoist Secrets of Love recommends several exercises to develop the taoist tongue using an orange. They recommend washing the orange before and after the exercises and to keep it in a bag in the refrigerator to ensure it will be good for many days of training. You start by hanging an orange by threading a string through it and attaching it at the bottom with a section of toothpick. Hanging the orange at the level of your mouth, "lash out" at the fruit similarly to a "viper." In their words: "Shoot the tongue straight out of the mouth, making it very firm and sharp-pointed." This is called the **Serpent Tongue**. It is best for stimulating traditional erogenous zones including the ears which, according to Chia, have dozens of acupuncture points that can be activated by "chi flowing through the tongue."

Next try the **Hook Tongue**. Continuing with the suspended orange, reach out with your tongue as far as possible to the bottom of the orange. Using the tip of your tongue, try to hook the orange as you draw your tongue up the side of the orange.

In the **Slap Tongue** exercise, use the hanging orange and try to smack the orange with your tongue while swinging it rapidly from the left to right and from the right to left. Swing it rapidly and slap the orange with your firm tongue.

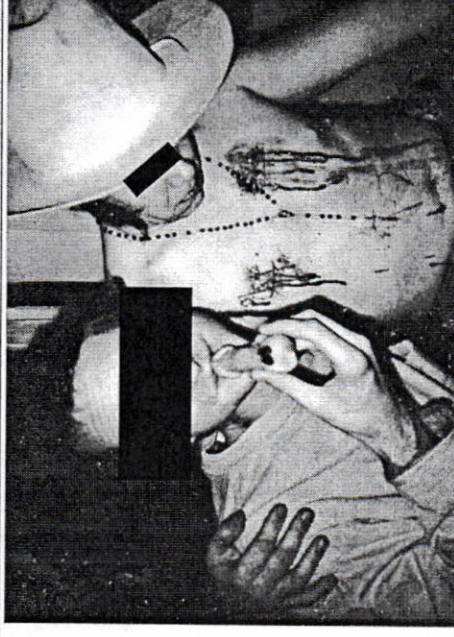
After practicing these exercises, try to **Dribble the Orange**. Using the tip of your tongue try to "dribble" the orange from below using quick, darting movements. Try to balance the orange from below and even "bounce" it. After weeks of practice, graduate to a grapefruit. Chia then recommends using a hanging glass jar filled with increasing amounts of weight, up to one pound.

Finally try the **Power Lifts**. Lift and lower a smooth ruler with the broad base of the tongue. According to Chia, "these **Power Lifts** strengthen the tongue muscles and complement the darting practice." Feel free to use metal or wood rulers as long as they are smooth. Be careful not to injure the

As a fetish model, B&D player and rope bondage instructor in the San Francisco-based rope bondage instruction team, Two Knotty Boys, I often come across others who claim offence to the life I live, the images I generate and the content of my lessons. To my dismay most of these encounters, rarely if ever result in acquiescent consensus or, at the least, respectful acceptance of differing opinions and choice. Instead, more often than not, frustration, resentment and anger begets the same, and I am left feeling helpless to bridge yet another social gap.

Unique personal experiences, to a large degree, influence what is perceived as offensive. For example, survivors of sexual abuse are more likely to be sensitive to images of a sexual nature than persons who are not. Moreover, a judgement (of offence or otherwise) is more truly an expression of an individual's personal values and/or un-met needs. For instance, values such as prudence, modesty and humility have potential to play into judgements of a sexual nature. Un-met needs for conformity and neutral expression mark potential drivers for those judgements to be expressed....

--JD of Two Knotty Boys (www.knottyboys.com) (Excerpt: *Bound to Struggle*)



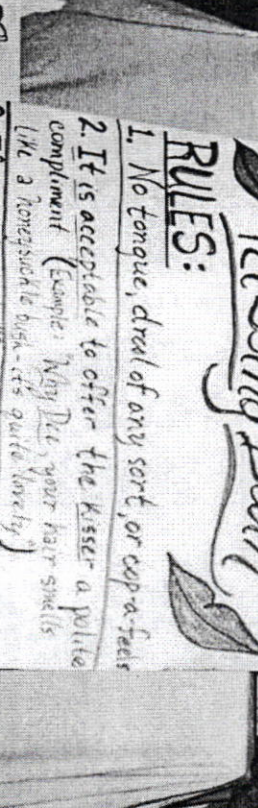
"But the note of later days returns again and again, and the scenes of youth recede into their dim frames. Clearer and more frequently appear Sonya and Luba, and the little sweetheart of my first months in America. What a goose she was! She would not embrace me, because it's a great sin, unless one is married. But how shyly she managed to arrange kissing games at the Sunday gatherings at her home, and always lose to me! She must be quite a woman now, with a husband, children ... Quickly she flits by, the recollection even of her name lost in the glow of Anarchist emotionalism and the fervent enthusiasm of my Orchard Street days. There flames the light that irradiates the vague longings of my Russian youth, and gives rapt interpretation to obscurely pulsating idealism. It sheds the halo of illuminating justification upon my blindly rebellious spirit, and visualizes my dreams on the sunlit mountains."

--Alexander Berkman (1912) *Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist*, Mother Earth Press

By Kaye

to do that was standard \$5 bottomless cup keg party. But we wanted to spice it up a little. So we added a kissing booth.

Later in the night the landlord for our office showed up. He was already drunk and kept getting in line for the kissing booth. He tried paying more than a quarter to get more. The kisser woman-ing the booth needed backup and moral



 Kissing Booth 

RULES:

1. No tongue, drol of any sort, or cap-a-feels
2. It is acceptable to offer the kisser a polite compliment (Example: "May I see your hair smells like a rosesuckie bush - it's quite lovely")

We tried again at

another fundraiser years later. This time my friend Heidi made a big poster with pink marker and glitter, stating the rules for the kissing booth: respect and consensual action. We placed a table between the kisser and the kissee. The kisser had the right to refuse any kiss, no ifs ands or buts. I watched a refusal where the person still

When it was my turn in the booth, one of my

crushes stood in line with a whole pile of quarters. My more self-righteously anti-capitalist (and poorer) crush joined me behind the booth and we offered two for one deals, or people could pay us to kiss each other. The night ended with my best friend falling harmlessly on the fire and puking on the street corner, and we raised money and pushed the limits of our small Midwestern city.

(This step is a bit fussy... you may want to use a pencil point to guide the triangle into the pocket).

hold unit, hole up, w/ fingers
spread, in, push side. Blow
quick & hard (oh, my!) into hole
to inflate your dice. (you may have to straighten
it out a bit.) ok. Roll. E.M.



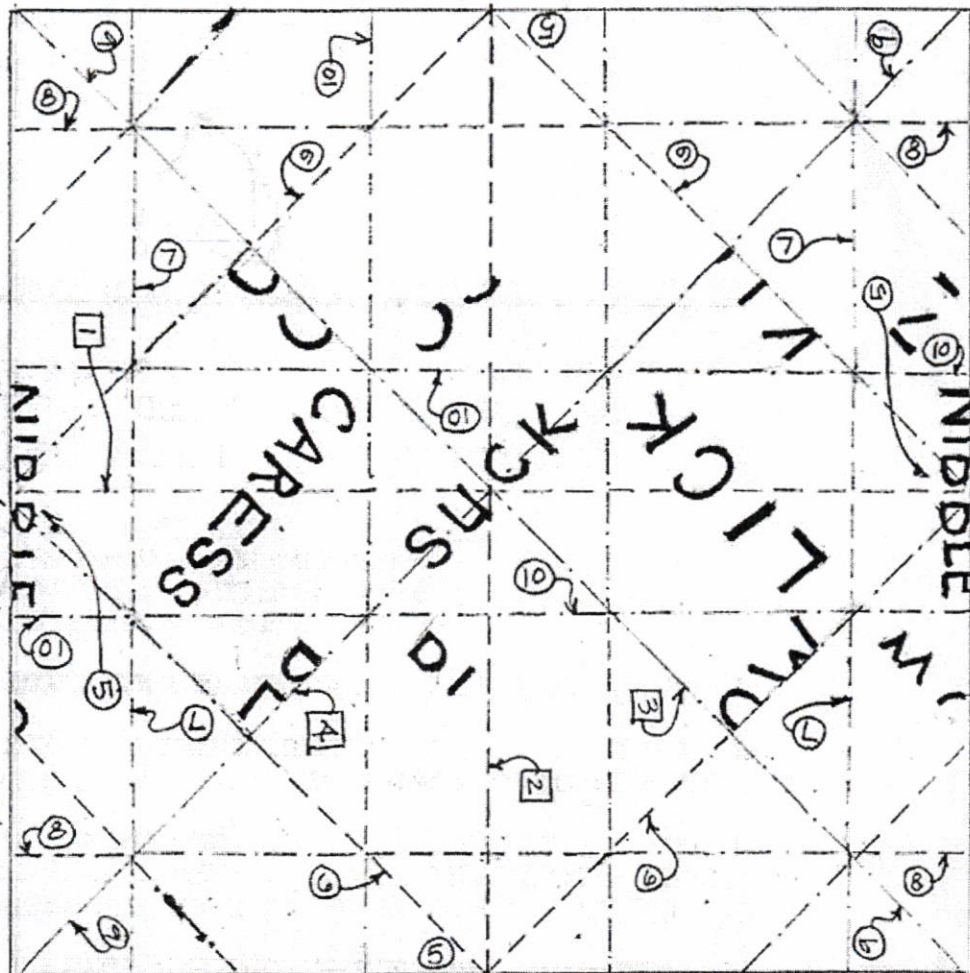
Origami Naughty Dice

GAME! Roll the die and follow their combined suggestion.

FOLD 'EM! --- = "mountain fold" → Δ --- = "valley fold" → ▽

Cut out the squares. Then...

1, 2, 3: Fold & unfold. 4: Fold. 5: Hold points & push together along previous folds. It will look like this: (You are now dealing with 4 different flaps from this point on.) 6, 7 & 8: Fold. 9: Fold.



Letters & Body Image Games

PETTING LIFE JUST RIGHT BEHIND THE EARS: Erotic Letters and Liberation

By applecore

Introduction

"You slut!" one of my close friends whispers fondly in my ear. She knows how I love to hear that phrase slither forth from her mouth. It is like the purring of a cat: it is the reassurance that I am petting life just the right way behind the ears. It confirms for me that I am liberating life's desires through an act of joyous seduction.

Many folk besides me are reclaiming the word "slut" for themselves, not just in words but in actions. Having dug themselves out from underneath the traditional disparagement of the word "slut," they are revealing the feared and abandoned truth of what the "slut" really reflects - the insidious creation of oppressive mental constructs, pathologies, and incarceration for those who dare to know and live as their erotic selves, who boldly walk in the world as the free, sexy and magical creations they are, who actively refuse to collude with oppression and the defilement of life, and are outspoken about the joys and difficulties of doing so.

Refusing to collude, sluts are willing to unnerve people who fear conflict, shy from the audacious and ignore the full reality of oppression around them. Simply being, trusting and embracing themselves as creative, non-conformist, unique, different, and questioning creatures, sluts insist on appearing wildly foolish or militant if that is what

it means to act in alignment with the authentic, genuine, alive, and fecund truth of their erotic experience of life.

And what exactly is the "erotic experience?" My first guiding inspiration to the erotic was the late black lesbian feminist poet (and definite slut) Audre Lorde.* She defines the erotic experience as a whole experience - the experience of "the sensual - those physical, emotional, and psychic expressions of what is deepest and strongest and richest within each of us, being shared: the passions of love, in its deepest meanings." For her, the erotic "is not a question of only what we do; it is a question of how acutely and fully we can feel in the doing." The erotic experience provides a power that comes from "sharing deeply any pursuit with another person. The sharing of joy... forms a bridge between the sharers which can be the basis for understanding much of what is not shared between them, and lessens the threat of their difference." The

continued on page 56

*In the book **Sister Outsider: Essays and Speeches by Audre Lorde** you can find "Uses of the Erotic: the Erotic As Power." It's still impacting my life as I reread it over and over again for her insight and inspiration; this article made a dramatic impact on my life at a time when I was searching for support and validation of what was then the frightening experience of the power of my erotic nature.

Erotic Love Letters

EXAMPLES FROM GAME ONE:

LETTER EXCHANGE BETWEEN MICHAEL AND RENEE.

Dear Michael,

I have grabbed the nearest pad of paper and have forced myself to write. I am feeling stunned.... What did you say to bewitch me so? My mind, my emotions, my soul were on fire in our conversation.... There inside it was the fleshy earth & all its creations, the sky and stars, the whole shebang. It was all so fuckin sexy! All so fuckin hot. It's burning in me still. I heard it burning in you. I heard, like me, you wanted to be burned up by it.

I am so drivenI get so restless - desiring to find other such driven people. I want so much to share with themI feel so ready to explode with a passion for life so overwhelming I scare myself - so utopian, I find it painful and stressful to live in "reality"...and then there occurs a conversation like ours that ignites this very vulnerable passion - a passion I so desperately try to control, to forget, to ignore.... What have you done?

Renee

(AND HE RESPONDED)

Renee:
My orbit is as perturbed as yours appears to be. There are all of these questions! When you speak, you sound breathless. I see a large bird pushing air with its wings, about

to take flight. I can sense movement in your whole body, as though there is a colt trying to break out. The child in me loves to play, and to go outside often. It's as if you've just moved in next door and I am trying to get past your mom to ask you to come play. I want to ask you many things. Do you know about Starpuzzles? The Nasca plain? Have you seen lava flowing into the ocean at night?

...I feel comfortable with my body and I like the feel of sun and the touch of wind on me. I am dolphin-like with my mates. Years ago, I did full-body massage as part-time work. It helped me separate intimacy and sex, and join it together with sensuality in touch, sound, taste, and sight. Now I move these more and more into the light, spirit and vision. The opposite of fear is love. And life.

Michael

"LETTER TO PANDORA, NEVER
RESPONDED TO"

Pandora:

What a delight dancing with you! Could I call you to do this again? I've always wanted a friend I could regularly share this consuming love of music, dance and flesh - someone to continuously come together with to go deep into our beings, opening further into this human love affair with life. I want to revel in my desire to move to my body's delight, to allow the divine creations of musicians to reach inside me and tickle and touch and caress and stir and bring me home to myself.

Planned Parenthood website on HPV

Once you get HPV, you have it for the rest of your life and can spread it to anyone and it can be asymptomatic. "Human Papilloma Virus (HPV) is a common infection that affects skin and mucous membranes, and is the cause of warts. Some types cause warts in the genital area - others cause common skin warts in other areas such as the hands or feet. HPV is transmitted by direct skin-to-skin contact with an infected individual. Large studies have found that HPV is present in more than 93 percent of cervical cancer tumors (NCI). Even though HPV is considered a cause of cervical cancer, only one out of 1,000 women with HPV develops invasive cervical cancer (ACOG, 2000). Most HPV infections never lead to the development of cervical cancer. HPV appears to be necessary, but not sufficient, to the development of cervical cancer. Besides HPV, researchers believe there are several cofactors that may contribute to the development of cervical cancer. These may include smoking, HIV infection, diet, hormonal factors, and the presence of other STIs. However, for most sexually active women, the most important preventive measure women can take to protect themselves from developing cervical cancer is having regular Pap tests. Avoiding skin-to-skin contact with someone with HPV is the most effective strategy to prevent HPV infection. Condoms may not eliminate the risk of transmitting HPV, but the CDC recommends them for risk reduction. Since HPV may shed beyond the covered area, however, condoms do not provide as complete protection as they do for some other pathogens, such as HIV and gonorrhea."

Some thoughts on the Sexy Part

"Sexual pleasure is everyone's birthright, and access to sexual materials and accurate sex information promotes health and happiness. Open communication about sexuality and the philosophy that sex is fun

and natural go hand in hand. We hope you'll join us in our pursuit of pleasure!"
- paraphrased from Good Vibrations

Safer sensuous contact reduces our risks. But many don't make the effort, because they think safer touching will be less exciting. It does not have to be. Safer sexy contact is about protection AND pleasure. Exploring safer sensuous contact can make touching more satisfying. Having read the above, think about the risks you take. Decide which risks you are open to — and which ones you want to avoid. Are you willing to kiss everyone who's lips travel your way or do you want to talk about herpes before the smooching engagement or do you want to kiss only those you know well and trust and are well educated on STIs? Find ways to make your sensuous play as safe and satisfying as possible. The safest action is to be proactive in your communication. For example advise your game players or partner if you have herpes or a cold or feel like you are coming down with something. If you are in this risk category, be quick to turn your cheek to oncoming lips! Think of ways to directly communicate, use body language, or leave the game if you don't want to engage someone.

Proactive Communication can:

- Galvanize intimacy and trust
- Spice up and lengthen sensual pleasure
- Decrease fear and anxiety
- Strengthen relationships
- Help explore radical touch
- If it's on your agenda, enhance orgasm
- Demolish the patriarchal heterosexual megamachine!

Quick Tips

- Do Ask; Do Tell
- If you have a cold, advise the hottie you're after before kissing. Make sure they are still willing.
- If you have herpes, tell your crush before kissing. Hear their response.

A Quick Guide to Herpes & Safer Sensuous Contact

What is Safer Sensuous Contact?

Safer Sensuous Contact is anything we do to lower our risk of getting a sexually transmitted infection (STI) while engaging in sexual pleasure, sensuous games or affectionate touch. Physical contact, from casual kisses to heavy duty nookie, has risks. Here, we will try to advise you how to get more kissing pleasure with less risk. We will try to teach you (1) the facts about herpes and HPV (2) about proactive communication. For more information on AIDS, other STIs and the use of condoms and dental dams see the Planned Parenthood or other STI websites.

The Word on Herpes

Herpes is an infection caused by two different viruses — herpes simplex virus type 1 and herpes simplex virus type 2. Oral herpes is when the infection is on the mouth. Genital herpes is when the infection is on or near the sex organs. Oral herpes expresses itself as cold sores (fever blisters) that usually show up on or around the lips or inside the mouth. Cold sores do not have long term effects in children and adults but are very harmful to a newborn. Herpes is most contagious when sores are open — until the scabs heal and fall off. The mouth, vagina, penis, anus, and eyes are highly susceptible to infection. Skin can be infected if it is cut, raw, or burned, or has a rash. Oral and genital herpes are spread by touching, kissing, and sexual contact, including vaginal, anal, and oral intercourse.

Not all herpes carriers have sores and it is possible to get herpes from someone even though they don't have this symptom. It is very unlikely that herpes is spread by contact with toilet seats. The carrier does not always have typical cold sore symptoms at the time of transmission. For instance, the virus is transmittable from

the lips before cold sores appear. Sometimes a day or few hours before the sores show themselves, there is tingling or itching where sores arose before. Thus it's best to avoid sexual contact if you feel one of these symptoms.

According to the Planned Parenthood website: "If you have a cold sore on your mouth, don't kiss anyone — especially infants, children, or pregnant women. If you have a genital sore, don't have sexual intercourse — even with a condom. Wait until the sore heals. The virus can spread from sores not covered by the condom [or dental dam]. It can also be spread in sweat or vaginal fluids to places the condom doesn't cover." Almost 80% of Americans have herpes type 1, oral herpes spread without sexual contact. Half a million people get herpes every year. Genital herpes is caused usually by herpes type 2, which millions of people do not know they have since they do not get or don't notice the symptoms."

Upon initial infection of herpes, cold sores usually show after 2 weeks but may take longer or shorter. The blisters heal after 2 weeks but the virus remains in the body and can reoccur often or rarely depending on the person. There is no cure for herpes but cold sore outbreaks occur less often over 5 or 6 years. Some serious sexually transmitted infections, like syphilis, may appear like herpes but require important treatment. So be sure the sores are herpes.

According to the Planned Parenthood website: "Touching sores may spread the virus to other parts of the body. If you have active herpes: Don't touch the sores. If you do, wash your hands with soap and water — this kills the virus. Wash your hands after going to the bathroom, before rubbing your eyes, and before touching a contact lens."

To privately share this joy with you was ecstatic — to meld our responses — to be present to you, to myself, the music and explore the possibilities. I felt the joy of movement, eyes, touch, arousal, voice, heat, lust — wild, fierce, tender, daring, risking emerging and merging — wow.

The kind of intimacy we shared demanded I be true to myself, the moment, the erotic creature that is me, and the joy of what I know I long for with every tiny particle of my being, what every particle of the universe seems to quiver in delight for and moves towards — the seduction of life by life itself.

At times I felt such intense longing with you, and as I lingered with that longing, the longing itself became a desire as I intensified it, teased it, fulfilled it temporarily in some way then returned back to seduction. Yummy.

Thank you for the safe space to explore what felt authentic, genuine.... The intimacy with just the two of us was scary yet opened me more to a sense of safety to explore in your trusted nonjudgmental presence. As in meditation, one thought or fear or inhibition or hindrance to being present melted away time and time again.

..... Shall we continue to dance? Shall we continue to let each other know what fabulous creatures we are, how beautiful, and how delicious? Let's respond together to the crisis of our species as sensualists making the revolution irresistible!

Love — Baubo

"LETTER EXCHANGE BETWEEN Lemon and Ginger"

Dear Lemon:

What of the many splendid joys of you compels me to ask for a "date?" What of the many tender fears compels me to run and hide from such possible embarrassment & vulnerability around making such desires known? ... I shared my fears that I let creep in and cause me to ask for a withdrawal of my request...

I realize I am scared cause I fear having nothing to offer you. I want to have something — an exciting body and flexibility, an alive and vibrant mind, a poetic heart, a fount of riches pouring from my being — to intoxicate you, to thrill you, to keep you wanting more so I can keep being intoxicated by you...

I like the way you purr and gaze at the world with eyes on the prowl, eyes alive, alert, still and ready to pounce, eyes hypnotic and eyes ready to flirt in the instant that alluring prey makes itself available or enters your range. You seduce it out of itself as you are the consummate hunter — you know how to wait, watch, and walk slowly, oh so slowly, almost still toward what you desire and then you devour....

Silliness — I want to just laze about and gaze and touch and talk and giggle and laugh and cry and create and continue on... I want love to inspire me to return. I want the courage to go into where I am not sure of anything and risk — with you. Ginger

continued on bottoms of pages until p. 70

continued from page 53

erotic is the experience of opening on every level to your body's experience, "whether it is dancing, building a bookcase, writing a poem, examining an idea."

Another consideration that has dramatic import for these games is the difference between the pornographic and the erotic experience. Lorde goes so far as to call the pornographic and the erotic opposites, and describes the pornographic as suppressing true feeling to emphasize sensation, hence ignoring aspects of reality. She also says that "to share the power of each other's feelings is different from using another's feelings as we would a Kleenex. When we look the other way from our experience, erotic or otherwise, we use rather than share the feelings of those who participate in the experience with us.... When we look away from ourselves as we satisfy our erotic needs in concert with others, we use each other as objects of satisfaction rather than share our joy in the satisfying.... To refuse to be conscious of what we are feeling at any time, [and sharing that], however comfortable that might seem, is to deny a large part of the experience, and to

allow ourselves to be reduced to the pornographic, the abused and the absurd." In other words, these "games," although they are "play," are very real, and we need to make every effort to be present to the experience as such in order to avoid recreating oppressive behaviors.

The person truly cultivating the erotic is therefore a subversive. To refuse to look away from our experience is a direct threat to the denial that upholds Empire/"Civilization." It takes courage to face the very real threats to our lives for living this way. The fear we often feel acting genuine is desirable and will always be there as we risk for what we love and know. It's when we get stuck in fear that we sometimes further the gap between what we know and do. Fear can feel paralyzing and we often let it keep us from acting upon our slut truth. So we reach out for support from each other, especially through sensuous "games." I like to call them "erotic" games, for they tend to arouse our desire for authentic life. They are what keep sluts in practice in a culture that would not only annihilate us, but would prefer we forget what we know and certainly stop doing what we know.

continued on tops of pages. Go to p. 58

continued from page 55
[FROM LEMON TO GINGER]

Lydia Lunch - (Angry Women)

"Victimization steals the capacity to be loved or to love, and that's a waste.... Defensiveness, insecurity, ego and inadequacy plague the people of our country..."

To be free of these negative, self-defeating, painful, alienating, lonely

feelings is to really accomplish a great achievement.... They want to steal your pleasure - your pleasure zones; they know that when you're miserable you're not as effective or strong as when you're happy."

So I was reading this and it made me think of me, things I've said, and you, things you've said. So many exciting things that I see/read make me think of you - like I watched Harold and Maude last night, thinking -

2 play 33. The two people who have kissed the sexiest by popular demand can kiss 50% of the people (who consent) in the room.

One play 34. What is the sexiest way to ask for sex?

2 play 35. When you're making out with someone new and want to go further, how have you turned up the heat—through body language or talking about it ("How would you feel, sweet cheeks, if I touched your ____"? "What did you say or do?")

To play 36. Name two people in the game you'd like to smooch privately. Pause and allow both players to answer before reading this: Now go smooch them in another private room or closet and think about the previous question.

2 play 37. Describe the day you had the greatest number of sexual experiences in 24 hours.

2 play 38. Describe a vivid, hot sexual experience or juicy fantasy that involves produce (phallic fruits or squishy veggies or thick syrups....).

Afterwards did you eat the food you used? [Give luscious details and demonstrate how you see fit (with actual produce if available).]

2 play 39. Role-play how you would seduce one of these hot collectives into an orgy (choose the 5 collective members): Beehive Collective, Green Anarchy collective, Crimethink-ers, any of the puppet collectives or South African anarchist collectives, Wild Roots, APOC, the Mujeres Libres of Spain or choose your own. Once they are ready, what multi-person sexy acts would you want to perform?



Beehive Collective



You've completed the game! Celebrate victory with another kiss-all [and "sauce all"]!



Thanks to Surrealist Games: Language Games, 5/15/03, Richard Burke, Susan Burke, Andrew Torch for beginners question 21.

Chocolate sauce recipe: Slowly melt while stirring: 1 cup vegan organic fair-trade chocolate chips, 3 Tablespoons of expeller pressed margarine, plus 1/2 cup soy milk. Using a double boiler prevents chocolate from burning.

Won play 20. After the revolution, when we eliminate cops and security forces, how could disputes and violence be handled?

To play 21. How do you feel about mixing friendship with romantic love?

Too play 22. Have you ever made you own sex toys ie anal beads, strap-on, silicone dildoes, nipple tweakers, cat-o-nine tails etc?

One Play 23. Name an historic revolution or event you want to fuck and why. Make love to it-Be imaginative-Demonstrate!

Two play 24. What is the most exciting idea in the anarchist movement today?

Two "men" play 25. What makes for good oral sex? Be specific. [give a loving bootigrab with consent]

Two "women" play 26. What makes for good oral sex? Be specific. [give a loving bootigrab with consent]



Parsons

One play 27. In 1884 in the International Working People's Association weekly *The Alarm*, Lucy Parsons, daughter of Mexican and Indian Creek parents (but also possibly a Texas slave), wrote "To Tramps," which encouraged workers and the unemployed to rise up in direct acts of violence against the rich. In your next letter to the editor about biotechnology, forest protection, or police violence, how could you expand the debate to include class, revolutionary or anti-state issues? [back massage]

2 play 28. Name one person not in your age group that you have lustful feelings for.

2 play 29. Describe a recent gender-bending experience. [suck sexy sauce off ____]

2 play 30. Describe an S & M/B & D experience or fantasy. Was the gender of the person(s) involved as important as their personality/creativity? [hold that person with a sense of love]

One play 31. Demonstrate creatively (choose your partner(s)) how you think contemporary anarchist John Zerzan, Mexican Revolution anarchist publisher of *Regeneration*, Ricardo Flores-Magon, any of the Chicago Haymarket martyrs or the surrealists kiss and get down and dirty.

2 play 32. Name one person in the group that you have a crush on and what you want to do to them in bed. (the other gameplayers decide if you've revealed enough!) [suck sexy sauce off that person]



Zerzan

Flores Magon



Ginger must have loved this movie, Maude is so Fabulous! I loved her. I found myself identifying with both Harold and Maude - his struggle to find excitement, his fascination with death (I almost bought a hearse long ago). And Maude - her passion for trying new things, owning things loosely, always ready to let them go. Her independence and strength....Beautiful. Like you.

I was looking at *Femalia* Saturday night - and I was fascinated and transfixed. In the intro it talks about how beneficial the book is for women - they can know themselves better, see the beauty of their parts [their vulvas] and the variety. I felt left out. The book was an incredible experience for me. I've never really been allowed to really examine and appreciate those parts of a woman -57

Erotic games, or play, not only keep us alive and remembering what we know, but remind us of what freedom tastes like as they give us safe venues for exploring our desires. When we forget, we end up the walking dead capable of all sorts of collusion with misery. These games are where we feed our ravenous imaginations and desires, discover new inspiration and surprise, undermine despair, subvert reality, and

experience solidarity and joy. During these games we experience the essence of life's pleasure; we take it and spread it on the world like so much "pear butter" so when we bite into it, it is sweet, not bitter. I owe a great debt to the Surrealists for holding tight to the knowledge of the importance of play as not just part of revolution but the touchstone of liberation. Play on!

GAME NUMBER ONE:

THE HEART OF THE GAME: WRITE

to someone, preferably postal mail, from the core of your erotic response to them. Remember - the

erotic is the arousal of the desires of your whole being - so write about what has been aroused in you - emotionally, physically, mentally, spiritually, or whatever. Write about the seemingly tiniest little stirring of something. Be inclusive of the whole of the experience of intimacy - the sexual being only a part of that - and intimate meaning what happens when one is being present to and touched by someone. Even if you just met this person, take the risk of expression. (This is not a new "game." Many of us write erotic letters without calling it that or think-

and I think that has a lot to do with my strong insecurity I felt about not being able to interact with them satisfactorily. My penis is my least sensitive sex organ - my eyes, my hands, and my bum (in that order) are my most sensitive. Oh, and my tongue/mouth. They are my favorite tools for inciting pleasure.

So, yes, Femelia - how beautiful! It made me long to be playing with you - in a scene like we never quite

ing of it in terms of a game as I have defined game.)

LET GO: Write without the desire for a response or concern for the outcome. Write for yourself - to celebrate your aliveness, to express yourself and the excitement of connection with this being. The idea of this game is to liberate you to do this kind of writing more intentionally and more often, continuously freeing your true responses to life that are constantly and quickly lost in the quicksand pull of this deadened and repressed fetid culture.

PUT YOUR WHOLE EROTIC TRUTH INTO IT: How does this person thrill

achieved. Mutual intense relaxation. Much earlier than 3:00am - so that we are at the height of our awareness, not using sexual excitement to stave off weariness. Alone, probably in your bed for maximum comfort. Warm. Well-nourished by a delightful meal we've collaborated on. We both know what we want - sexual intimacy that reminds each of us how much we love our bodies and how much we love being with each other. I remind you that your body is

person having authority over you?

2 play 10. Name one reason agricultural biotechnology is not fucking sustainable!!!!

One play 11. Use your imagination here: If the modern day anarchist panthers, who are in the tradition of the Black Panthers, would challenge some Crimethinkers to a debate on some issue, would you take a side? If they were to choose a sensuous dance to settle the debate, demonstrate the dance.

2 play 12. Name one criticism of the Zapatista movement. (That Commandante Ramona and Subcomandante Marcos never had an affair does not count.)

One play 13. Crush Question: Name one person playing the game that puts "that little feeling of excitement in your heart." Why? [smuggle warmly with that person for a while]

One play 14. In post-W/II Korea, 60 Korean anarchists created the League of Free Social Constructors to work on rebuilding the country. In South Africa many anarchist groups exist or have existed: the Anarchist Revolutionary Movement in Johannesburg and the Angry Brigade in Durban, and black workers running the Industrial Workers of Africa from 1915-1922 and writer Samuel Mbah today. What is some other historic or modern day anti-authoritarian activity outside the US and Europe or what is the significance of knowing anarchist history? [10 minute massage]

Many play 15. In a polyamorous "love quadrangle" (similar to a love triangle) among 4 people, A B C D, how many possible relationship combinations are there?
ANSWER: eleven [give a hickey to a volunteer]

Three play 16. Name 3 things you've had in your butt for sexual pleasure. [spin and give a butt massage if the person is willing]

2 play 17. Name one historic or recent Luddite-style or action in resistance to technology or one anti-civilization action in resistance to civilization no matter how big or small.



"Hybrid" Frank Little

One play 18. Concerning hybrid anti-authoritarians, (radicals who don't fit into imposed dichotomies of indigenous/non-indigenous, people of color/white, working class/middle class or any other position of thirdness) discuss what it may mean to "pass" or not to "pass" as being in either dichotomy or other issues you face. Or if you're not a hybrid, discuss how you may support and create space for expression of "thirdness" issues.

One play 19. Imagine yourself as a female-to-male transsexual: a pre-operation male (post-hormones), very hairy with a large clitoris and a cunt: How would you feel if someone who is seducing you is someone looking for a man but doesn't care what's "down there." [apply sauce and lick off]

post-left anarchists, green anarchists, anarcho-syndicalists, anarcho-communists, platformists, Kronstadt rebels, insurrectionists, plain anarchists etc or say "I don't fucking care, just let me spin the bottle!"

2 play 31..Describe one time you masturbated at work. [lick chocolate sauce off someone's chest]

Too play 32. If you and french anarchist Louise Michel who fought in 1871 for the Paris Commune found yourselves wanting to play Spin-the-Bottle privately with one other person, who would you invite from this group? [lick sauce off tummies in Naughty Closet]



****The transition between the Beginner and the Advanced versions is a "Kiss-All"*****



Questions, Advanced

2 play 1. Describe one embarrassing or funny sexual story.

2 play 2. What's your favorite flavor of anarchist or anti-authoritarian thought or action?

One play 3. Have you ever experienced xeno eroticism (erotics with aliens), myso-
philia (needing something soiled or filthy in sex), bestiality, cocrophilia (using feces/
filth for sex)?

2 play 4. What are some issues of talking about anarchism within the black, Latino or
Asian community? What can white anarchists learn from or offer to communities of
color? Eg Check out the Anarchist People of Color website founded by Ernesto
Aguilar, a Mexican activist in Houston.

Three play 5. Describe for two minutes an
experience in or your thoughts on ménage a
trois [kiss two others]

2 play 6. Name one disadvantage or advantage
of Earth Liberation Front or Animal Liberation
Front actions as a tactic.

2 play 7. While having sex, have you ever been
watched by spectators?

One play 8. If a lesbian, who knows she will always be predominantly loving women,
identifies as and feels like she is a fag and likes to regularly fuck gays with her "cock,"
is she still a lesbian? [hug warmly for a time]

2 play 9. Have you ever had sex with your doctor, teacher, religious figure or other

you or move you in some way? Write
without pretense, write bold, be for-
ward, don't repress anything, throw
propriety out the window, let your ea-
gerness show - drool is very becoming.
Let your juicy, spontaneous, wild en-
thusiasm free. Be weird or your unique
self. Make yourself blush over and
over again from your own daring as you
traverse the maze of the erotic you.
Suspend all barriers to your imagina-
tion; don't inhibit yourself by what you
think is "possible." Let the "impossible"
have free reign.

HOW: Grab hold of what is arising
and express it in deliberate or auto-
matic writing, doodling, collaging or
whatever medium or combination you
want. (Automatic just means allowing
the uncensored free flow of your
imagination.) Be as specific and de-
tailed as possible. Send them a copy
of this along with your letter and in-
vite them to be an "erotic liberation
letter writer" too. Encourage them to
respond to your letter/creation in kind.
Don't be deterred by someone's lack
of response or even a negative re-
sponse. Respectfully move on to an-
other. There are so many of us to
write to!

NOW WHAT: If a person agrees to

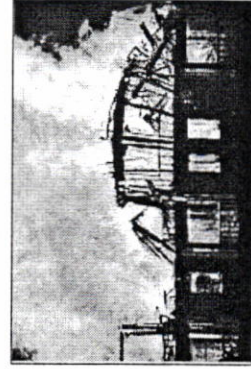
beautiful and mystical and how it can
be a source of physical pleasure. You
remind me of the same. We feel
close. We feel comfortable. We
feel secure. I don't question my
ability to be pleasing. I'm communi-
cating much more than I have - I
enjoy intercourse for a while, and
when my pleasure for that wanes, I
let you know right away that I'd
rather be...feeling your fingers
inside of me, feeling inside of you
with my fingers, touching my lips and

be an "erotic liberation letter writer"
with you, invite them into sharing this
process with you in two ways:

1. Respond to each other's cre-
ations and send letters back and forth
through the mail. Create an Erotic
Liberation Letters dialogue of sorts
but with the spirit of what a favorite
author of mine, Jill Mellick, would call
holding your letter partner and their
creations much like you would "a but-
terfly - in your open, quiet palms. Make
sure none of the delicate wing dust
brushes off onto clumsy hands. Pin-
ning [your partner and their creations]
down with interpretation will tear the
wings off the butterfly and kill it. We
can put the butterfly under glass,
study it, admire its uniqueness, and
also let others admire it (if they like
butterflies). But it will never, never,
never fly again. Hold your [partner and
their creations] gently enough so that
they can still fly."

2. Develop an ongoing ever-
changing exchange network of Erotic
Liberation Letter partners/lovers/slut
buddies. You could call it a Slut Mail
Exchange. You could ask your partners
if you can share their letters/cre-
ations with each other in your network
and get them started exchanging with

tongue to your most sensitive parts,
taking a break and talking about
erotic matters, taking a hot bath
together...talking. I'm talking, not
being afraid to let you know where
I'm at. I'm not being afraid of being
disappointing. I'm being receptive to
your communications and that is
turning me on. I hear you describe in
detail what you want to feel - and
I'm honest about whether I am
excited to be part of that scenario.



\$10 million Vail ski resort courtesy ELF.

each other. Create an address list for this network and share with all willing participants. Some may only want to exchange with you but may be willing to let you share their creations with others without becoming the others exchange partner. There's room for whatever. There may be folks who love you writing them, and truly desire it, but don't want to write back. You decide if you want to keep writing them. You and your partner(s) determine respectfully the duration of your exchanges/commitments as well. It could result in a one time sharing, a lifetime of intermittent sharing and/or sudden sporadic bursts of outpouring.

STUCK? ASK QUESTIONS! We all get stuck when expressing ourselves. Questions can help with that. I encourage you to develop questions that you can rely on to help when you need it. Or use mine. Or use a favorite author of mine's - Michele Cassou. Like:

"What would you write/create if you could be strange or childish? What would you write/create if you didn't censor anything, if there were no mistakes, if there were nothing to lose, if you didn't have to understand what you were doing, if you

We find what excites us. We find that what we wanted was just this ability to communicate, so that we can express our desires when we feel some; and we can express our desires when they are not present. We don't feel constricted by expectations - we are in love with ourselves as we are. We revel in expressing that love - through letter, word, touch, gift, friendship.

We love our minds, our penises, our

stopped protecting yourself, if you let yourself enter your dreamworld, if you were not afraid to go too far?"

Your responses to these questions, your own questions or mine can be the basis of your entire letter/creation to someone. Here are three of my own erotic liberation favorites:

1. What "misbehaving" (or play, joy, closeness) are you experiencing in your life? Or desire to experience, perhaps with the person you are expressing to? Tell what "turns you on!" (As a GENERAL TIP, the more specific the better.)

2. What "disobedience" (love, boldness, courage, and/or power) did you try on or joyfully witness somewhere? Or desire to?

3. What or whom did you "side up to" and "flirt" with recently, and what did that look like/feel like? In other words, what new or old playmate(s) did you discover today and in what ways did you share your slut with them?

MORE ON CREATIVE BLOCKS: A great little resource for more ques-

histories, our vaginas, our bodies, our non-sexual parts and energies, our futures

mmm...want to continue whispering this love letter in your ear, I picture your grin as I accidentally brush my softly moving lips against your cheek. I myself can't bear not to wrap my arms around you - I'm moved to envelope you with forces of love...

I'm driven to make the world more

Too play 17. Name two sexual goals you have over the next few years.

for play 18. Describe how you had sex the first time. [lick chocolate sauce off lips]

2 play 19. Describe one white-dominated event in activism locally and how, as a race traitor or as a person of color, you could undermine this domination by "whiteness." Or describe one male-dominated event in activism locally and how to undermine it.

Four play 20. Name one person that you have a crush on that at least half the group knows. [give a massage]

2 play 21. Talk about someone you romanced who was of a different racial, ethnic group or nationality. What differences came up? [head massage]

To play 22. Playfully demonstrate how you would seduce Noam Chomsky or Emma Goldman during a titillating evening of pleasures (which pleasures?): choose your Chomsky or Goldman partner. [give a bare stomach massage/rub]

Won't play 23. Name two things the Black Bloc or Baby Bloc does well.

One play 24. A surrealist adventure:

Variant of the Exquisite Corpse Story—All the fish took to arms. Cars melt easily under fish sunshine. Therefore, do violent moons scream with pain?

To play 25. Have you ever been told you had sex but didn't remember or made sexual choices you regretted?

One play 26. What connections do you see between indigenous people's struggles and anarchism? [foot massage]

too play 27. Have you ever limited your potential sexual or romantic experience because the object of your desire didn't fit into your declared sexual orientation or label ie reified ideology?

To play 28. Have you ever applied hand tools, power tools or kitchen utensils for DIY sexual purposes? If so, we wanna hear about it!

To play 29. Name an historic revolutionary or mentor you want to fuck, how and why.

Do play! 30. Role-play how any of the following combinations of anarchists would seduce each other into an intimate evening of kissing games and chocolate sauces:



The Questions, Beginner

All play 1. Name one native tree of your state-no repeating.

All play 2. Name the age you first fucked or would like to.

2 play 3. Describe what makes a good kisser ie technique. [give a neck massage]

2 play 4. Name one reason corporate coffee sux.

2 play 5. In relation to the threat of AIDS and other STDs, how do you play it safe or how have you seen changes in safe sex practices among your friends over time?

Four play 6. Name one way men or women can be better lovers emotionally.

Fore play 7. Discuss one aspect of what you like or dislike about polyamory/non-monogamy.

2 play 8. Describe one foundational, deep idea behind your efforts for a better world. The core idea.

Two play 9. Discuss the importance of multi-racial organizing and multi-racial coalition building. [give a back massage]

To play 10. Tell us one kinky thing you've done on a bike or in a vehicle or in a place where you could have been discovered.

Fore play 11. Rate in order of importance for yourself: foreplay, the ole in and out, and orgasm. Why? [lick sexy sauce off someone's neck]

2 play 12. Explain one criticism of the anti-globalization movement.

To play 13. Which anarchist is sexier--early 20th century working class anarchist Voltairine de Cleyre or modern day Lorenzo Komboa Ervin who wrote Anarchism and the Black Revolution? Why--because of their political perspective?

Fore play 14. What is your favorite sexual position and why? [spin and one naked skin kiss not on an appendage or face].

2 play 15. Keeping in mind the importance of security culture, succinctly describe one protest action you've been involved with. No repeating. Don't talk about riots you incited, coups plotted or animals you freed.

to play 16. Name two intimacy goals you have over the next few years.

"Kiss the ones you love!"

tions, and for creating your own, is the little handbook called *Questions to Awaken Your Creative Power to the Fullest* by Michele Cassou. Cassou knows that creative blocks can range from the simple to the complicated. She recommends that a ques-

tion need simply be one that takes you beyond your creative block. You can feel it when it's helping. She recommends that you find the root blockage of that moment and build your question on it. Listen in on yourself and find what is holding you back. Often it is the result of one of three things - your internal judgment/criticism, your fear, or your interpretation of your expression that cuts you off from your flow. You might be telling yourself that what you are writing is stupid or boring. What if you could be as stupid or boring as you want? You might be afraid of something specific. Identify specifically what that is and ask yourself what you would do if you weren't afraid of it? What if you didn't have to keep control over the meaning of your let-

beautiful. I'm driven to recognize beauty in the world. I'm driven to recognize much more than beauty - I don't know why I'm stuck on that cheesy concept right now - I want pain so that it can be healed, I want loneliness for its own beauty, I argue points because it challenges my perspective. I seek intimacy because of how important deep relationships are to me - they make sure that I'm deeply enmeshed in living in this world and not living a numb,

static existence. I also do this for myself, but both are necessary.

Thank you for opening yourself to me - for being oh so you ...very, very Lunatic with smooches + love, Lemon

XXX

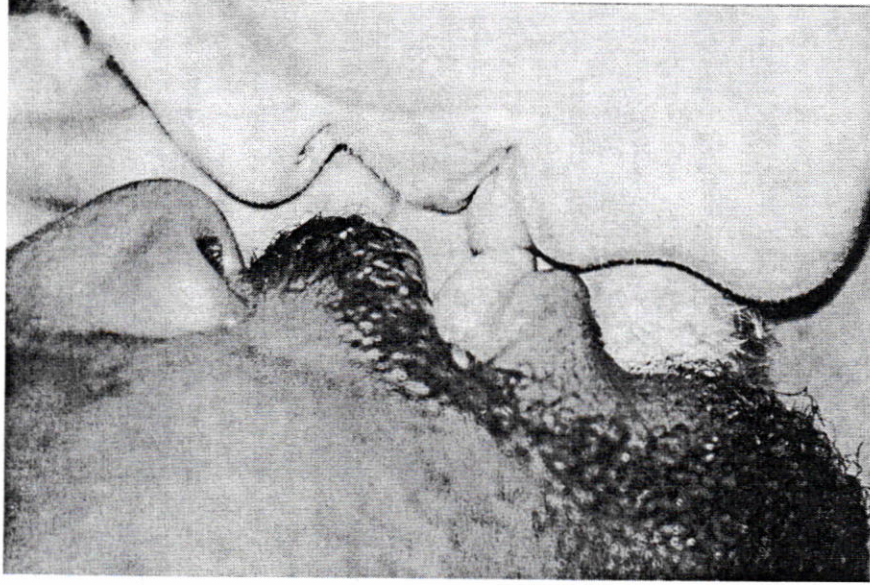
[FROM GINGER TO LEMON]

it seems (after many moons) perhaps there has been a small but oh so



Ervin

De Cleyre



ter and let go of your idea of what you have labeled it?

GAME NUMBER TWO: EROTIC MOUTH TO MOUTH SLUT RESUSCITATION

THE HEART OF THE GAME: You could say that this game is basically like playing Game One in person except for a slight twist and bit more risk - you will be spontaneously sharing your erotic responses out loud, without the benefit of writing them down or hiding behind paper - about the people present for the game. **You are helping each other recover your erotic voices, your erotic breath - what I fondly refer to as erotic mouth to mouth slut resuscitation.** For this game you, you need to find yourself a slut buddy or group of slut buddies and gather together in a comfortable space and for a specific duration of time. You begin the game by taking turns essentially expressing out loud and in person your erotic response to the individuals present; you express with spoken word, and perhaps gestures, what you might have in written form in Game One. This game is for touching upon the erotic possibilities of verbal expression.

CONFIDENTIALITY: I don't recommend anyone act on anything said during this game or it might compromise

delicious and significant healing that has occurred between us [thru splendid sex] - one that has been wanting and desiring itself desperately - an opening into simply loving without expectation - into loving simply possibilities, surprise, laughter, "punting pugs" and the joy of deep intimacy when it feels ripe - the kind where we are present, honest, bold, ourselves.

Words don't serve but I just wanted

people's sense of safety during the game to genuinely express. Make the game confidential. If you want to talk about something with someone later, ask their permission. If you want to respond to something someone said while the game is going on, ask their permission and use your turn to do so. Try to keep the attitude I outlined in Game One. Engage non-judgmentally and with care to not interpret or make assumptions. Share instead what you felt or what went on for you as it was shared - keep the focus on owning your experience of it - whether delight or fear.

BASIC INSTRUCTIONS: Take turns, each getting 2-3 minutes at first. Use a timer. Play with the length of time you each get until it fits the size of your group but make sure everyone gets equal time and you end when you say you are going to. For small groups you can obviously give each other more time or have more rounds. Express what is being aroused in you by and to the folk(s) present. Be specific. There are no mistakes. You are essentially doing the same thing done as in Game One so read it's instructions aloud to

to celebrate two who have been at odds, confused, disturbed... finding a way to come together in sweet pleasure in one another - unselfishly giving of one another to each other.

It feels truly as if a burden has been lifted, a friendship possible, and that my vulnerable self a wee bit more open to the possibility of risking for the marvelous and an end to the miserable... I am eager to let life tease and taunt and play with me

Anarchist Spin-the-Bottle!!



"My favorite topics are anarchy and sex." -m berry



How to Play: This game works best where the you decide as a group who to invite. Recommended number of players: 6-12. Sit in a circle and choose a question reader. To play, a person answers the question and then spins the bottle in the center of the circle and kisses the person the bottle points to. Go around the circle with each person answering the next consecutive question. "2 play" or "to play" means two people answer the same question. Keep it loving and light-hearted.

The question reader: This role is very important. This person keeps the question list and usually does not share it with the game players so that the questions will be surprises. Things move slowly early in the game, so the question reader has the responsibility to keep things rolling. Later, things move fast and can be confusing; the question reader tries to keep things on track or recognize when the game is over.

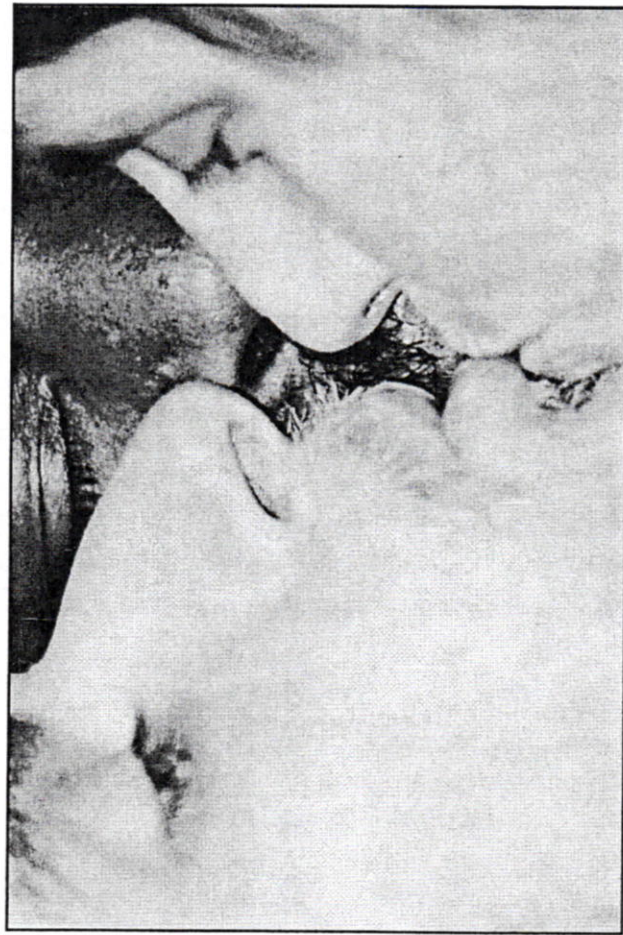
Intimate Variations in Bottle playing: Some players or groups might choose these other physical intimacies. (a) Create your Own Questions, leading to spontaneity & creativity specific to your own situation and experience (b) The Touching and Sexy Sauce version plays out in the brackets after some questions. After answering the question, the player spins the bottle and performs the suggested action. The game can continue while the bracketed action takes place. (c) Naughty Closet Option: every six questions, you may choose to spin the bottle to select a few people who head for the Naughty Closet or private room to roll the Naughty Origami Dice and, when possible, involve chocolate sauce, fruit sauce, pesto or whatever is in season locally.



Invitation/Preparation: Remind players that good hygiene may be important: brushing teeth (may cause bleeding which increases risk of transmission so not within 2 hours of game) or shaving (stubble is sharp) may get you more kisses! **We strongly encourage you to give the participants the Guide on Herpes and HPV in this zine. See RESOURCES for more information. Come up with a safe word such as "sweetie" or "sweet potato" that means "time to stop" or "time to move to the next player."**

Read to bottleplayers before starting the game: Show respect: If you are sick or have cold sores, consider being the question reader, drink server, or agree not to kiss certain body parts. Necks are sexy and sensitive! Be sensitive to the smooching atmosphere and to your partner's body language. If the game has just started or you don't know the other person, they may not want a lot of tongue action or to kiss you on the lips. Remember: this isn't about intellectual one-upmanship or showing off or towing the correct party line. People should respect each other's diverse experiences and ideas. **There are some challenging questions here so don't worry if you don't have an answer.** OR just skip the hard ones or deep ones altogether! The most exciting thing about anybody is that they are willing to sit down, play the game and bare it all. Passion Fruit is not responsible for naughtiness or other results of this game!

“What do making love and getting arrested have in common? If you can remember how many times you’ve done them, you haven’t done them enough!”



everyone before starting - and read these instructions aloud, too, of course.

MORE INSTRUCTIONS: Try to express something about each person present as you go around. I don't mean





KISS COUPON

Redeemable at mutually agreed time, place and location on body!

Lovers, crushes, friends and new acquaintances!

☐ Peck on the cheek ☐ Hot and sexy
☐ Anything goes! ☐ I need another beer first!
☐ No, I'm saving my slobber for someone else!
☐ Firesome ☐ Unique location on body!
☐ You're an awesome person!

Passion and Love are Endless!

agement in your body language or facial expressions. Don't be thinking about what you are going to say. Be present to the person sharing. When it's your turn, be spontaneous. Remember the main points of Game One: express your joy in this person, express how they thrill or move you in some way, free your imagination, be specific, and when stuck, refer to the questions in Game One. Again, this is not meant to be about sexual arousal - it's about whatever is aroused. The expression of sexual arousal is simply welcomed along with everything else. Depending on folk's comfort level, folks are encouraged to dress in as little as they like or as originally or seductively as they like - whatever that means uniquely to them.

HELP FROM SOMEONE PHYSICALLY: If you feel nervous, ask for help - ask one of the people there to hold you or your hand as you express yourself. Feel your feelings - cry, laugh, holler, yawn your tension off. When expressing, try using different tones in expressing yourself - light and playful, seductive as chocolate silk, dark and brooding, a rush of gushing eagerness and giggling or just a soft whisper are a few suggestions. Improvise, make it up, whatever, just play

- even when it is rough, tornado-like and deadly. I want it all....

...here's to standing by your side in revolution seducing all flesh into a gigantic pleasure party that will have all oppression under its dancing feet like grapes, providing a new wine that will taste oh-so-fine after we have stomped all over them in erotic delight and fantastic action.

thinking of you, Ginger

with saying something - with your voice or body. Give yourself permission to express yourself however you want - be silly - just don't touch the other game players unless it's your helper.

ENCOURAGING EACH OTHER: Don't be "polite" in the sense of holding back but be real. As Slut Liberators, we need to be persistent in this and really want this for each other - the freeing of our erotic natures and truth. Risk and encourage each other when someone seems stuck but mostly listen, don't interfere. Give them space to find their voice - don't rush them. And relax. What most of us need is the sense of safety that we not only will be heard but that it is much desired - and folks are going to be patient with us. We don't need advice or guidance. Suggest encouraging questions only when asked by whoever is taking a turn. If the group feels it is drawing a blank on questions, ask those outlined in Game One like "What would you say if none of us would hear it - we all had ear plugs in?" or "What would you say if you could be a fool for a moment or get away with anything?"

JUMP START: Sometimes it helps to start off sharing something about

[FROM LEMON TO GINGER]

it's funny, before I came over, I imagined getting down and dirty with you. it felt almost wrong because I was still thinking about/reflecting on the theme of me sexualizing my relationships more than anyone else seems to be comfortable with, or at least in ways that others struggle with. so I came over, sex-hungry for you but trying hard not to show it. good thing you took initiative....

each and every one of them. I told them, only hesitating a bit, the kind of touch I would enjoy, and where I would welcome it. And then I closed my eyes and allowed myself the simple, tactile pleasure of their hands on me, allowed myself to be stroked and petted and touched simply because I wanted to be touched and they wanted to give me pleasure.

At first I was stiff under their hands, a little afraid of allowing these strangers such access to me. But quickly, as I realized my trust was well-founded and that only the kind of attentions I welcomed were being given, I began to enjoy the experience and relaxed into it. Soon I gave myself over to the wonderful sensations completely. It was stimulating in a way that was at once incredibly intimate and yet almost impersonal—I was

simply a body—my skin, an organ through which they gave and I received pleasure. It was incredibly sensuous, and yet not overtly sexual. No one was there to impress anyone else with their physical prowess, and no one was there to prey on the others or to try to push the experience into something sexual—it was just pure giving, love and honesty and kindness and pleasure. And when it was my turn to reciprocate I did so with a heart that had been filled with the joy of loving and being loved, not for anything I could do or say or be, but just for being me, for being there and opening myself up to them in a way that most people seldom allow themselves to do. I had let my self-imposed walls down and allowed myself to be touched, not just physically, but emotionally as well.

IT'S O.K. TO
SAY HELLO
TO STRANGERS

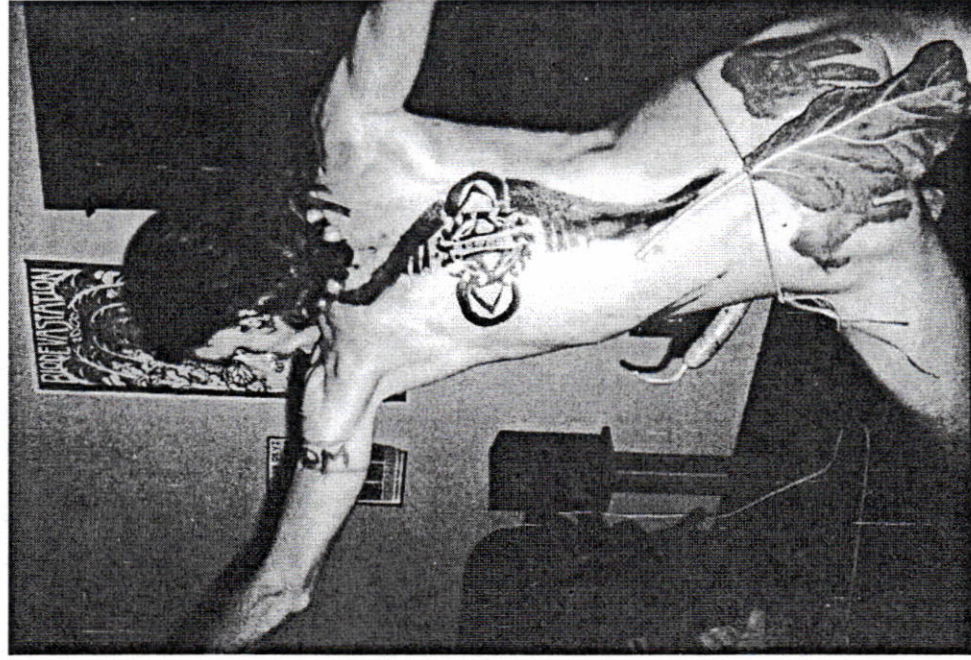


down to chemise and panties, as several others participants had as well. Soon we found ourselves sitting in small circles discussing the things we had learned about each other and ourselves, completely disregarding each other's—and our own—state of undress. I had reached a level of comfort with my co-participants, as well as a sense of safety in the group, that I had not felt at the beginning of the session. I was eager to see what was next.

The instructions for the exercise were simple: each group forms a circle. One person goes to the center of the ring, with everyone else surrounding them. Then the center person tells the others exactly how and where they want—or don't want—to be touched. The center person closes his/her eyes, and the session begins. For three minutes the others touch, stroke, caress, massage, scratch or tickle the middle person according to that person's desires. The amount of intimacy is strictly up to the participants themselves, and you learn quickly to communicate effectively so that you got touched the way and the places you wanted.

It was a thrilling, and—at eyes and told them I was nervous, first—anxiety-provoking exercise for and that I'd never done anything like me. Expressing my wants and needs this, but that—incredibly—I trusted

has always been difficult for me. Like many girl-children, I was taught to inhibit my own desires and not to be “pushy” or demanding in any way. Eventually I internalized this and learned not to ask for what I wanted. But, knowing that discomfort often points to something I need to work on, I forced myself to be as open as possible with the others in my group when it was my turn to be in the middle. I looked into each of their



Body paint, Wear Anything But Clothes

someone or something not present. In that case, refer specifically to my three erotic liberation questions and go around answering those.

TIP: There are many techniques to get people present at the beginning of the game. Go around and have everyone say their name and describe their current state of being using the metaphor of a landscape or a meal. Or have everyone go around and say their name – and then the group sings that name in echo. Go around again and each person name three fruits that are in their

kitchen at home or they wished were in their kitchen. Go around again if you need to until the energy of the group seems present and not off somewhere else.

ALTERNATIVE VERSION: Play Game One with each other present – write or create your responses to each other, then share them like show and tell.

GAME NUMBER THREE: BIOEROTIC LOVE LETTERS

THE HEART OF THE GAME: To better smash the internalized oppressive behavior of just focusing on human beings (anthropocentrism) and liberate our inherent and most marvelous tendency to fall in love with everything and anything (biocentricism), this game is played with the same erotic attitude and in the same slut way as the other

games except this time you expand the game to express your erotic experience of and slut love for anything and everything – the wind, praying mantis, burping, sun rays, red-headed woodpeckers, farting, moons, wildflowers, laughter, hair, your big toe – any phenomena or creature or part of creation that inspires you.

I was really amazed at how beautiful I found your honeycuntpot to be. that was/is truly a celebration for me – that I discovered an unserved pleasure in touching/tounging you the way I did, and that you trusted me enough to let me try it and to relax and enjoy it...

What happened that day? healing – yes. celebrating – yes. something very wonderful. a breakdown in my

own barriers. a mutual acceptance of our love for one another. hot sex. (has to come from somewhere...)

so – let's try to sustain that joy in each other's beings and ability to share it. Let's get lunch again sometime, dropkick dogs and be inappropriate. let's ravage our lovers with love and our friends with passion, let's attack dead souls with dreams, let's rise up squealing-loves, Lemon 3am

OTHER IDEAS: A favorite way I like to play this is to have friends do it for my birthday or a special event or an "unbirthday."** I ask them to write these bioerotic love letters for me as my birthday gift or entrance fee. I can then take the letters and turn them into a zine or copy them and mail them off to share with others. Best of all, I can go wheat paste them around the city. Our love made visible for any aspect of creation celebrates the whole while subverting its destruction.

(Another alternative: Focus your expression on a human being but be a bit deliberate in letting it be one different from yourself, such as a Salvadoran, if one is North American. Or a queer, if one identifies as hetero. Or black, if one identifies as white.)

EXAMPLES FROM GAME THREE:

"LOVE LETTER TO LAUGHTER"

Laughter, my darling:
You are so delirious at times; you rise in unexpected places in startling and contagious ways; your taste in my mouth is oh so delicious. I thrill to you as you rise up and out from inside my

throat & as you rise up and out others, created by alchemy of various comings together...a sight, a sound, an idea, an image, a touch, a look, & there you are... There is a scene dedicated just to your joys in Mary Poppins. I love to listen to you, be touched by you, to stir you...to tease you out of hiding. I love to feel you heal something in me I never knew needed healing until you burst forth....I am sorry I ever kept you quiet or domesticated or hungry. Some are stingy with you but despite that, you are there for & in all of us, and I thank you for the way you take so many wondrous forms.
Love - Chrissy

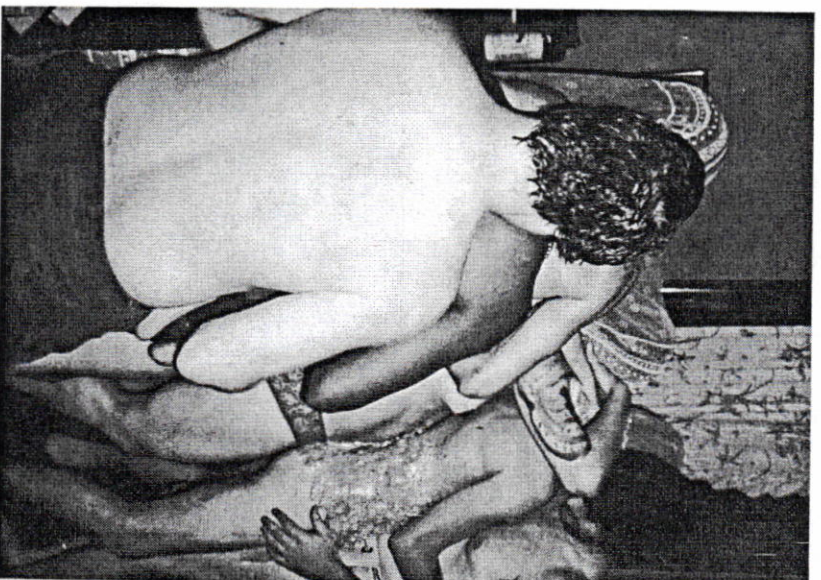
***"Unbirthdays" - I once asked author Wendy-O Matik what she meant by the term "unbirthday" in her book *Redefining Our Relationships*, and I like her answer. She said "unbirthdays" are the 364 days out of the year that are not your birthday. She went on to say, "The philosophy behind which means that life should be celebrated everyday, not limited to just one day, and that we should take less of our precious lives and loves for granted. [Unbirthdays are] any excuse to celebrate the beauty and simple things in our lives daily."**

[FROM GINGER TO LEMON]

....My attachment to you is like a wondrous creature I am terrified of and so thrilled by - and shyly getting to know. I realize that as I become attached to you like I have been, I need to be on the alert for what I have internalized about showing closeness and affection - that it's wrong, bad.... since childhood my eagerness around people has either been thwarted, criticized and/or

beat into a pulp over and over again.

I just needed to say this so I can try to remember...it just might be safe to show the me that indeed wants to jump on top of you, throw you to the ground, drool and slobber all over you as I give you big Siberian Tiger licks - and then roll you over with my big paws and bat you and you bat me and we rub our luscious furry bodies together and romp and run and fuck and chase off anything that dares



Wear Nothing But Clothes party dance, 2004

listened to the answer—or answered the question truthfully yourself? In a society in which road rage has become pandemic, in which the younger generation leaves their elderly with strangers to die, in which serial monogamy is the norm and the divorce rate is soaring, true intimacy can be difficult to find. Workshops of this sort try to give people the tools and confidence to initiate and explore intimacy.

I recently attended a conference that was dedicated to exploring the many ways that people have to connect intimately with one another. Part of the conference involved experiential intimacy workshops. During one of these, I participated in an exercise of imposed intimacy that was incredibly powerful,

and in truth has changed the way I view intimacy and my interactions with others.

Throughout the first two hours of the workshop, we had participated in a number of intimacy exercises, pairing up or breaking into small groups to facilitate honest communication and to help break down barriers of shyness. In one exercise, participants were paired or grouped together for about three minutes. My group consisted of six strangers. We introduced ourselves to the group, but rather than the standard, "My name is Rebecca, I live in St. Louis and have three children, etc..." type of introduction, we were asked to tell something more personal about ourselves, something that we thought everyone should know about us, something that we haven't shared before or often. Another exercise involved looking deeply into another person's eyes and simply saying "thank you for being willing to share yourself with me." Little by little, as our comfort level rose, we opened up to each other.

Although several of the participants had been involved in similar workshops before, I had not, and many of the exercises proved to be difficult for me. Gradually, though, even I had loosened up considerably. In the last hour of the workshop, we were encouraged to disrobe as much as we felt comfortable doing. I was hesitant, but many others felt at ease enough to undress completely, which, after a moment, seemed completely natural and okay. I finally disrobed